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from Mrs. Hannah W. Jamieson  
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THE  
CONTRAST:  
A NOVEL.

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THE  
CONTRAST:

A NOVEL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY

E. S. VILLA-REAL GOOCH.

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VOL. I.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,  
AND SOLD BY C. AND G. KEARSLEY, FLEET STREET.

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CONTRACT

NOVEL

TWO VOLUMES

BY

F. R. VILLER-REAR-GOCH

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,  
AND SOLD BY C. AND G. HARRIS, 11, NEW STREET.

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THE  
C O N T R A S T:  
A N O V E L.

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CHAP I.

ON the coast of Cornwall is a small village, situate on a rising hill, which commands a view of the sea. A chapel, built on the

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summit, is its principal edifice ; thither did the hearts of its humble inhabitants repair to invoke the mercy of their Creator, and oft did they implore him to protect such of their friends and relations as were exposed to the boisterous element below it. Nor was this the only purpose to which this simple building was adapted ; frequently did its white front borrow aid from the moon, and served as a land-mark to the distressed mariners, who were driven within its view.

This

This village, which I shall call Birtland, might have been justly described as secluded from the world. No proud lord usurped its happy domain. No legal plunderer attended to settle those trifling differences between man and man, which, without such interference, might be soon adjusted; but which, when applied, frequently proves worse than the evil. At Birtland, the age of primitive innocence still existed; at Birtland, all was union and perfect tranquillity.

Within two miles of this happy village stood an ancient castle, formerly the residence of the house of Hastings. Many were the illustrious Earls of Huntingdon who had drawn their first and last breath of life within its then peaceful walls. Every heir of that distinguished title had signalized himself by deeds of unbounded munificence. They were as remarkable for their benevolence and hospitality, as the courtiers of the present age are for their arrogance and boundless ambition. At THEIR door, never was  
the



the tale of woe rejected, nor did a petitioner crave in vain. The wealthy and the indigent were equally unknown; and the hearts and purses of these noble lords were ever open to the tears of the unhappy. To obtain their protection, it was necessary only to solicit it; for no guileful wanderer ever bent his way to the happy but retired castle of Ledstone.

Many centuries had passed in this state of bliss, when time, which is ever working miracles, (hitherto

fatal to mankind !) stretched the cloud of fate over this humble corner of England. The *last* Earl of Huntingdon *died*. His generosity had over-reached his power, and his estates were involved. That of Ledstone was an object of too much importance to be abandoned by the rapacious creditors ; it was therefore agreed that it should be put up to sale, and parted with by public auction.

A gentleman, the son of a wealthy merchant in the city, was the highest bidder,

bidder, and to him was that property consigned. He was a young man, not possessed of very shining abilities, who had been educated at Westminster-school, and was thence sent to Oxford. But study was ill adapted to his taste ; he left both these places in disgust, and prevailed (but not without difficulty) on his father, to suffer him to pass two or three years on the continent, by way of giving a finish to his education.

It was soon after his return to England, that he determined to marry,

ry, but he had frequently the mortification to find his proposals rejected. Money was no object to him, as he was sure to inherit, on the death of his father, a considerable fortune; but he wished to ennoble his name, hitherto best known upon 'Change, and was at length fortunate enough to succeed in his addresses, with the only daughter of a new-created Irish peer, who had been successful in his claim to the title of his ancestors, and whose greatest advantage was her title.

It

It was soon after this marriage took place, that he became the purchaser of Ledstone, which he knew only by report, having never visited the West of England. In London, Lady Jane was equally a stranger. She had passed her life in Dublin, but remained unnoticed there until her father was created an Earl. They set out for London too soon afterwards for her to fix her choice among her old acquaintance, who were many of them at length become her new admirers.

Mr. James Martindale was the first monied man who solicited the hand of Lady Jane; and to his fortune, more than to himself, was she immediately devoted.



## CHAP. II.

MR. Martindale hired a ready-furnished house in the vicinity of Portman Square; and on the fourth of June, just five weeks after her marriage, Lady Jane Martindale was presented at St. James's. Her person was rather handsome than otherwise, and it was on this occasion decorated with all the paraphernalia of birth-day magnificence. To be admired, it was necessary only that she should be seen; and to *her*,

the knee of adulation was soon bent. The Earl of C——, on whom the fetters of matrimony sat lightly, was her devoted slave for the evening; and her eyes received an additional portion of brilliancy, as her conquests became multiplied.

In Mr. Martindale's bosom very different were the sensations which arose on that occasion. He gazed on the beauties of his wife, and his vanity was flattered by their effect; but his heart trembled as he viewed her, and the pangs of jealousy racked  
his

his soul. He endeavoured to appear regardless of the admiration he saw lavished on her; but by degrees he drew nearer to the door of the ante-chamber, and there waited with anxiety the hour of twelve, at which time his servants and equipage were ordered to attend.

As soon as their arrival was announced, Mr. Martindale hurried Lady Jane out of the room, and attempted to put on her cloak, which a footman had given into his hands. But Lord C—— disputed with him  
this

this office, and the rules of good breeding obliged the husband to relinquish it. Yet he could not avoid perceiving a significant look, and a squeeze of the hand, which each bestowed on the other, as Lord C—— handed Lady Jane to her carriage ; and this was, to a weak mind, almost proof positive of their guilt. But in this idea he was wholly mistaken : Lord C—— had not entertained an idea beyond the amusement of the present hour, and Lady Jane saw nothing in the emaciated peer that could possibly turn her thoughts towards

towards

towards him on the succeeding one.

The time now arrived when every fashionable family prepared to leave town. Lady Jane had already made the acquisition of numberless acquaintance, but her heart had not selected a friend. It was almost a matter of indifference to her whither she went, and to her husband's inclinations she appeared willing to accede.

**Mr. Martindale's determination**

was

was to go to Ledstone ; but when she heard of its seclusion, her heart recoiled at the idea, and she requested his approbation of a prior excursion to Weymouth or Bournemouth. He became however absolute in his intentions ; and as her father had immediately after her marriage returned to Ireland, it became necessary for her to draw some one over to her interests: necessity, rather than choice, directed her to old Mr. Martindale. He was exactly calculated for such an employment. He had been in his younger days a general admirer



admirer of pretty women, and the charms of his new daughter-in-law lost nothing in his opinion. He perfectly agreed with her, that to transplant a large establishment into the deserts of Cornwall, would be attended with a heavy expence, besides the probability that existed of their disliking the situation, and speedily returning. Lady Jane and the old gentleman had many conversations on the subject, and agreed to expostulate warmly with Mr. Martindale, whom however they had the mortification to find *inexorable*. All they could

could obtain was a few days delay, and a promise that their stay in the country should not exceed six months.

## CHAP. III.

IN a few days, part of Mr. Martindale's retinue set forward on their journey into the West. These consisted of her Ladyship's underwoman, who was, during this Summer campaign, to act also in the capacity of house-keeper;—a French valet;—a French cook;—a running footman, and three or four more. Every thing was there in readiness for the reception of these noble and novel guests; for the castle was inhabited

habited by an old steward and his family, whom the late Earl of Huntingdon had stationed in it; and as they had never received notice to quit the premises, they still enjoyed, in some of the rooms at the end of it, peaceable and quiet possession.

When these imitators of greatness passed through the village of Birtland, they were struck with the appearance of its humble inhabitants; who, mistaking them for their superiors, crowded forth to bid them welcome. The bells, though few in number,

number, echoed these warm plaudits of the heart ; and every tenant, with uplifted eyes, prayed Heaven to bless them !

Stunned with applauses for which they were unprepared, and which they did not rightly comprehend, they answered only by a loud laugh ; and arriving at the castle, where they soon made themselves known, were received with humble civility by the worthy steward, his wife, and daughter.

Mrs.

Mrs. Drapery could not help shuddering as she passed through the spacious hall which led to the inhabited part of the castle. The massy door closed with a tremendous noise; it resounded through the vaulted roof, and petrified her with horror. On the high arched windows of painted glass, were handed down to posterity the emblazoned arms of the newly expired title of Huntingdon; and the unwieldy armour which had formerly defended the lives of its illustrious wearers, now hanging up and neglected, borrowed a faint light from



from the feeble glimmerings of the moon, scarcely seen enough to be observed through the heavy casement.

She requested to be shewn to the apartment allotted her, where she gave orders that her fellow-travellers should attend. She expressed to them the greatest disgust at every thing she saw, and the utter impossibility there was of her being ever able to accustom herself among such Hottentots. "She was sure," she said, "that all Mr. Martindale's money would  
" be

“ be but a poor compensation, if  
“ Lady Jane was to linger away the  
“ best part of her life in such an  
“ odious retirement. She wonder-  
“ ed how he could think of bring-  
“ ing an Earl’s daughter to such a  
“ horrible distance from every thing  
“ alive. For HER part, she was sure  
“ SHE could not stay there, and she  
“ hoped to find that her Lady would  
“ soon be of the same opinion.”

In less than a week, Lady Jane  
and Mr. Martindale arrived at Led-  
stone. When the loquacious Mrs.

Drapery saw the butler (to whom she was by no means averse), she assured him, that if she had not been certain of HIS coming down, she could not have prevailed on herself to remain there a day after she had delivered up her charge to her Lady; for that the place was a desert, and the evening winds were so rough, that she already found her constitution DAMAGED by them; and it was become absolutely necessary for her to return to London, were it only for the benefit of her health.

Lady Jane, and Mr. Martindale, who saw nothing in their new habitation otherwise than they had expected to find it, passed several days in visiting the castle and its environs. Lady Jane was particularly attentive to the narrations of the old steward, who not unfrequently rubbed his hand across his eyes, as he dwelt on the praises of his late-loved Lord. In a small closet adjoining the hall, of which he had entreated to keep the key, he was wont to review and admire the tattered robes in which Henry third Earl of Huntingdon

ingdon sat in judgment on the trial of the charming and unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots. These he shewed Lady Jane, lamenting sorely the day, that, in depriving the country of its FIRST ornament, robbed HIM of his best friend—HIS ONLY BENEFACTOR.

## CHAP. IV.

**T**HE mind of Lady Jane was by nature susceptible of tender sentiments, and of soft impressions; yet her heart was as unconscious of their primitive source, as of their subsequent consequence; and she had hitherto beheld every one with general indifference. She however possessed an immoderate degree of pride and ostentation, and was emulous to outvie all who dared aspire to equality with her; assuming



a forbidding air of loftiness, which often offended the societies she lived in. But, over-ruled at length by the recollection of the more exemplary conduct of some of the amiable part of her female acquaintance in London, and elsewhere, she in some measure conquered that disagreeable HAUTEUR; and the tender and growing impulse of nature beginning to inspire her with ideas more consonant to the texture of her disposition, she became thoughtful, and rather melancholy; deriving her chief pleasure from wandering in unfre-

C 3                      quented

quented paths, and exploring and forcing tracks through the mazy and most intricate parts of the forest, which lay at a small distance from the park.

In one of these solitary perambulations, chance had directed her steps to the ruins of a very ancient, and once capacious tower, situate on the summit of a stupendous cliff. Thence she could observe, with the help of a small telescope which she carried in her pocket, the various objects which the ocean  
con-

continually presented to her view, and which, with their novelty and variety together, became every day more pleasing and interesting to her fancy.

Mr. Martindale rose one morning early in the month of September, before his usual hour, to take the diversion of shooting; his game-keeper having apprized him the preceding evening of a covey of partridges which frequented a wheat-stubble near a pleasure-ground adjoining the park ; not that Mr. Mar-

tindale discovered any more enjoyment in the pursuit of rural pleasures, than did his lady; but his time hanging rather heavy on his hands, and as she did not permit him to beguile any part of it in associating with those whom her own choice had not approved, and pointed out as proper companions for him, he was obliged to seek amusement in quest of pleasures which nature had not given him either taste or inclination to enjoy.

Lady Jane had risen at her usual  
hour,

hour, and was preparing for breakfast, when Mr. Martindale, tired of his visionary scheme of pleasure, returned heartily fatigued in the pursuit of it.

The moment they had enjoyed their early repast, Lady Jane with eager steps precipitately bent her way to her much-favoured spot; which she had no sooner ascended, than she instantly discovered through her glass, a small boat making for the shore; and excited by curiosity, she advanced with deliberate atten-

tion down the sandy beach, towards the edge of the water. As the boat approached nearer her view, she thought she perceived in it five persons, together with some casks which they had stowed, and piled up in a regular pyramid, in the stern of their little bark. The tide having recently laved, and now retired from, its beachy limits, had caused the sand under foot to be exceedingly wet; and what would have wonderfully terrified Lady Jane at any other time, and on any other occasion, now stimulated her boldly to



to venture on ; and she walked, or rather waded, almost knee-deep in the briny ocean, till she came within reach of the floating objects which she had first discovered ; but having left her glass within the tower, she could scarcely distinguish of what sex or age the persons were, until they approached nearer.

They were soon securely landed in a place where she had not been accustomed to meet with human beings (she having dedicated this deserted spot to solitude, and her

own reflections); and the unexpected sight our mariners experienced of a beautiful and elegant female, who seemed to be lost in astonishment, could not fail to excite in them an equal degree of surprise. After some little conversation, they requested to be informed of the nearest town, or village; having come, they said, on shore for the purpose of procuring fresh water for their vessel, a small brig, bound from Greenock to London, which lay at anchor at the distance of about two leagues.

The

The person who chiefly addressed himself to Lady Jane, appeared to be a military man, about fifty years of age. He had a complacency of manner which indicated the gentleman; his countenance beaming that ineffable sweetness which generally bespeaks the mind at ease. This gentleman introduced to her his friend who accompanied him (the other three were sailors, busily employed in lashing the boat to the remains of what had formerly been a light-house). The dress of the latter, who was many years younger, denoted

denoted him a Highlander; and the gracefulness of his mien instantly caught the attention of Lady Jane. She invited them both to the castle, and promised to send servants thence to render their men and boat every assistance their situation required.

This proposal they thankfully accepted; and inwardly congratulated themselves on the novel and strange adventure with which chance had so far favoured them.

CHAP.

## CHAP. V.

ON their arrival at the castle, refreshments of every kind were by Lady Jane's order set before her guests. She enquired for Mr. Martindale, but was informed by the butler that he was gone out on horseback, and had left orders to tell her ladyship that he should return to dinner by five. She apologized for his absence, and entreated them to relinquish all idea of going back to their vessel with the evening's tide; observing, that the days were now

short

short and clouded—the nights long and dark; and she farther alleged, that their ignorance of the coast might lead them into unavoidable difficulties, and imminent dangers, which she would by no means advise them to encounter, and which would diminish with the return of day-light. She inwardly wished (but from what cause she knew not) that Mr. Martindale should see them, and approve what she had done. She felt eager to justify her conduct to him, perhaps from a consciousness of self-created uneasiness she had never before



fore experienced. Her fluttering heart beat high with a desire of she knew not what; and her faltering tongue seemed almost deprived of utterance, as her eyes involuntarily and constantly met those of the young and accomplished Caledonian. She wished, she said, to detain them till Mr. Martindale's return; and even when he did return, she feared the day would be too far spent for them, to hazard with safety the attempt of regaining their ship:—she at last hinted to the elder gentleman, who seemed anxious to depart, the kind  
of

of impropriety there would be in their going away without seeing him. This objection had sufficient force to counterbalance, in their minds, every other.

Having drawn from them a promise she too ardently wished, she requested their attendance in the park and gardens, whither they cheerfully consented to accompany her. In one of the walks she perceived by accident that her dress had materially suffered from her excursion on the sands; she then left her visitors to  
the

the care of the gardener, whom she directed to point out to them every object worthy their attention, and proceeded to the castle to change her clothes; desiring the gardener to reconduct the gentlemen there, as soon as their curiosity had been sufficiently gratified.

On her ladyship's return she retired to her apartment, and ordered her woman's attendance there. The article of dress, which had been neglected since her seclusion in the country, as a matter of indifference,

now

now became an object of importance. Mrs. Drapery was one of those accommodating abigails who are ever ready to flatter and encourage the follies and vices of their employers, and she neglected nothing on the present occasion to adorn the person of her lady; significantly adding, "With what pleasure her master would behold her ladyship at his return home, looking once more  
"LIKE HERSELF!"

Before the etiquette of dress was finally adjusted, Mr. Martindale entered

tered the room somewhat abruptly ; having been informed by the servants of his new visitors, and wishing, previous to his seeing them, to know of Lady Jane who they were, and what were the motives that had thus induced them to take up their residence in his house.

Lady Jane briefly related to her husband each circumstance ; contenting herself with observing, that although she had not enquired their names, she was sure, from the little she had seen of them, that they were  
persons

persons of no inferior rank: she justly remarked, that the laws of hospitality were of themselves sufficient to justify the hasty zeal with which she had pressed them to wait his return. Mr. Martindale coincided with her opinion, and left her to do honour to his guests.

As soon as he was gone, Mrs. Drapery, finding herself emboldened by her lady's visible embarrassment (which together with the attention to her dress had not escaped her), begged pardon for informing her ladyship,



ladyship, that she knew perfectly well who the gentlemen were, having enquired of the sailors, who had satisfied her in every respect. They were both, she said, Scots. The old gentleman, whose name was *Stuart*, had been many years Colonel of the *Mountaineers*; but had retired from the service about two years. His lady was lately dead, and the loss of her had taken such an effect on his mind, that he had resolved to travel; and a sea voyage had been particularly recommended to him, as being the most likely to recruit both his spirits

and

and his health. The young gentleman, whose name was *Glencairn*, was distantly related to the deceased Mrs. Stuart, who had left one only child, a daughter, now educating in a convent at Calais. She was to come over on their arrival in London, and to return with them. Mrs. Drapery indeed FANCIED, but it was only her own conjecture, that the Colonel had thoughts of uniting the young couple; as the young gentleman had no other reason for coming over, than that of keeping the Colonel company; and of re-  
turning

turning with him to Scotland, as soon as Miss Stuart should have joined them.

Lady Jane was not so regardless as she appeared to be of the information given by her officious waiting-woman. She, however, assumed an air of composure she was doomed never more to feel, and with hasty steps joined the gentlemen below.

## CHAP. VI.

COLONEL Stuart had been in the mean time equally communicative to Mr. Martindale ; he had considered it as incumbent on him to introduce himself and friend to his acquaintance. Mr. Martindale, soon after Lady Jane's appearance, retired to his dressing-room, whence he sent to request her attendance for a few minutes ; when he informed her, that she was not mistaken in the favourable opinion she had  
enter-

entertained of the strangers; and proceeded to tell her all with which Colonel Stuart had made him acquainted. She did not think it necessary to mention to him the conversation she had held with her maid; but pretended to listen with curiosity to what he related; which differed in nothing more than his silence on the subject of Miss Stuart, who she naturally concluded had not been mentioned.

Lady Jane returned to the saloon, where she surprised Glencairn draw-

ing sounds of sweetest melody from Mr. Martindale's flute, which lay on the table. He laid it down when she appeared, but by her desire took it up again, and played once more, at Colonel Stuart's request,

I wish I was where Helen lies!

in a manner so peculiarly his own, that Lady Jane, for the first time in her life, felt the power of music over a susceptible mind. She was at that moment alive to the most tender sensations; her soul vibrated to the touch, and she felt a pang of exquisite enthusiasm.

— He



—He ceased;—and her eyes, more expressive than her tongue, solicited his continuance. He smiled consent, and then played

Absence ne'er shall alter me.

The words sunk deep into her heart; her fine eyes glistened;—and she had but just time to turn them on Colonel Stuart, as Mr. Martindale entered the room.

The conversation became general, and dinner was announced. It was a domestic party, and Lady Jane, being without a female friend, had no

excuse to leave the room when it was over. Mr. Martindale and the Colonel entered into a long conversation; and the old warrior, seeming for a moment to forget his griefs, gloried as he recounted his former exploits.

Tea, and less interesting airs on the flute, beguiled the remainder of the evening; and an early supper was ordered, as our visitors were under the necessity of departing by day-break. Lady Jane gave orders that coffee should be prepared for them, and  
after

after an hour or two passed in social delight, they reciprocally bade adieu!

The Colonel expressed to Mr. Martindale his wish of meeting with him in town; but said, that as he might not be apprised of the time when the Ledstone family arrived there; and as he was ignorant also in what part of it he should fix his short abode, he begged of Mr. Martindale to take the trouble to enquire after him at the Duchess of G——'s, in St. James's Square, who would be able to ascertain whether he still

remained an inhabitant of London, or was returned (which was more likely) to the sequestered mountains of Scotland.

Lady Jane had no sooner retired into her dressing-room, than she gave orders to Mrs. Drapery (who, as I before observed, now acted in the double capacity of her woman and house-keeper) to rise at a very early hour, that nothing might be wanting to complete the elegant hospitality the strangers had experienced at Ledstone. She retired to bed, but  
did

did she retire to rest?—Ah, no!—The image of Glencairn was before her; she pretended drowsiness, and in secret silence wept her cares to sleep. Mr. Martindale, fatigued by the exercise and events of the day, and unconscious of the thorns of discontent which invincible LOVE had strewed over his wife's pillow,

Snor'd out the watch of night.

Lady Jane listened at day-break, but she heard nothing. All was hushed in profound silence. They had departed an hour before their appointed time: but they had

not escaped the anxious vigilance of Mrs. Drapery; who, fearful of offending her lady by not seeing them, and fearful also of her own weakness should she trust herself to sleep, had prevailed on her friend the butler to pass the intermediate time with her in the housekeeper's room, over a comfortable bottle of madeira, which he was to provide from the cellar as soon as the family was retired to rest.

Mrs. Drapery, though a keen woman, was by no means destitute of  
female



female weakness ; she reposed an implicit confidence in the butler, and at once informed him of her suspicions relative to her lady, and the young gentleman ; who (she must observe) was of a figure to captivate any lady's heart. She did not know (or had not sense enough to find out) that Mr. Oldson, the butler, was warmly in his master's interest ; not from any rash confidence *that* hitherto insensible master had reposed in him, but from a sense of the lucrative place he enjoyed. Mr. Oldson therefore made few com-

ments on her observations, but treasured up in his mind every circumstance that might lead hereafter to a farther ascendancy over Mr. Martindale ; as he had already prevailed on him in many trivial occurrences, which had turned out in the end to his own advantage.

Soon after the bottle of madeira was exhausted, Mrs. Drapery told him she heard a noise ; but she supposed it to be too early for the strangers to be thinking of their departure. She however listened, and heard it repeated ;

repeated ; it was, she said, the sound of feet gently moving down the great stair-case. Mr. Oldson listened, but heard nothing. Mrs. Drapery still persisted that she DID hear a noise ; and as she had encouraged the idea of ghosts haunting the castle, she requested Mr. Oldson to accompany her up the stair-case leading from her room ; at the top of which they saw our five travellers ready to depart. Mrs. Drapery's eyes instantly fixed on those of Glencairn ; who answered them by a sign that he had something to communicate.

It

It was easy for her to turn Mr. Oldson's attention to the other side, while she privately received from his hands a guinea, and a slip of paper carefully folded and sealed. These she immediately conveyed to her pocket, while Mr. Oldson was making his bow to the Colonel, in acknowledgement of what he had from a very different motive conveyed to him.

Mrs. Drapery and Mr. Oldson saw the travellers depart, and then retired to their respective rooms.

The

The former cautiously placed her pockets under her head, as fearful that her secret should be discovered, and by that means the confidence of her lady be lost for ever.

## CHAP. VII.

IT was not difficult for Mrs. Drapery to understand the use it was intended she should make of both the objects she had received; yet she was not sufficiently mistress of her lady's thoughts to hazard a forward avowal of her conduct in receiving them. When she attended Lady Jane in the morning, she could not avoid perceiving that she had been in tears; and she presumed to enquire, with evident symptoms of affection,



*affection, if her ladyship was unwell?*

At this unexpected question, Lady Jane gave vent to her full heart, and strove not to conceal her emotion. She imprudently leaned on her woman's bosom, and, in apparent agony, asked whether the gentlemen were gone, and if she had seen them?—Mrs. Drapery told her that they were; and that she had attended them according to her ladyship's order. She drew by degrees the letter out of her pocket, and entreated her ladyship's pardon for the liberty she took in offering it to her perusal.

She

She assured her that she had no time to return it after it had been put into her hands ; and that PITY for the poor young gentleman's sorrow at his departure had afterwards induced her to secrete it, until she might see him again.

Lady Jane took the letter with seeming reluctance, and found it to contain the following words :

“ Be not offended, Madam, at the  
“ presumption of a stranger, who,  
“ till he saw you, never dreamt of  
“ love.

“love. His profound respect for  
“your name and character will  
“condemn him to misery and fu-  
“ture silence; and he would not  
“have hazarded this liberty, had he  
“not read in your eyes an expres-  
“sion of tenderness, which they have  
“too surely, and probably too fatally,  
“conveyed to the desponding heart  
“of

“EDWARD GLENCAIRN.”

Lady Jane trembled as she read  
the letter, which she immediately  
conveyed into her pocket, and Mrs.

Drapery

Drapery delighted in the success of her undertaking ; for although she felt that custom, and the laws of decency, would require that she should maintain her place as a servile dependant, she from this moment considered herself the bosom friend of her lady ; and, exulting in what had passed, began to suppose herself the appointed and convenient confidante of every future action of her life.

From this unhappy period, she began to exert the influence she had obtained over the mind of her hitherto

therto spotless lady; and availing herself of an advantage common to low minds, did not fail NOW AND THEN to remind her, by a gentle hint, that she was in her power. Lady Jane's youth, and ignorance of the world, induced her to be silent where she might have been allowed to complain; but her timid soul was apprehensive of the injurious construction her husband might put on the adventure, and she resolved to suffer in silence. She had no wish, no intention to deceive him; yet she sighed as she reflected  
on

on the merits of Glencairn, whom she despaired of ever seeing more.

We will now return to our mariners. They had a tedious and rather perilous passage to London, where they landed in three weeks. Colonel Stuart's first care was to dispatch a messenger to a mercantile house in the city, whither his letters were addressed. He received one from Miss Stuart, earnestly requesting him to go to her. She informed him that her health had been for some months gradually declining; but that she



had hitherto avoided mentioning that circumstance to him, waiting till she heard of his arrival in London; alleging, that she was sufficiently acquainted with his feelings, to be convinced that had he known her situation sooner, he would have hastened his journey from Scotland, probably to the prejudice both of his health and convenience.

Colonel Stuart had not seen his daughter since her mother's death, as she had been near four years at Calais. He spoke of her seldom; but

but his thoughts often dwelt with rapture on the idea of once more folding his treasure to his heart, and of retracing in her growing features the resemblance of his lost and lamented wife!—Alas! what were the sensations he experienced at the perusal of her fatal letter!—It was a deep stab to his wounded mind, and it became necessary for him to call religion and reason to his aid, to prevent him from immediately sinking under the weight of it.

All that friendship could suggest—

all

all that the most tender sympathy could invent, were on this trying occasion warmly exerted by the amiable Glencairn towards his unhappy friend. He urged the possibility of Miss Stuart's being too easily alarmed about herself; that the melancholy inseparable from a monastic life had probably induced her to give way to ideas, which derived their principal origin from her seclusion;—that the most effectual means to be employed towards promoting her recovery, were to amuse her mind; which had scarcely begun to unfold itself, ere the event of her mother's death, and her father's subsequent correspondence,

dence, stamped an impression on it, that time, and a more suitable way of life, would be (in *his* opinion) alone capable to efface.

The voice of consolation insensibly gained upon the Colonel; his misfortunes grew lighter as he listened to the advice of his friend; his heart in a few hours recovered in some measure its former serenity; and instead of wasting time in deploring the evil that threatened him, he endeavoured to avert it by hastening to join and cherish her, who, since the death of his wife, seemed doubly entitled to his care and protection.

CHAP.

## CHAP. VIII.

Nothing material occurred during their journey to Calais; but Glencairn, to whom every object was new, was surprised at the different scenes that presented themselves. Often, however, did his imagination retrace the image of Lady Jane Martindale; she was the first woman he had ever beheld with emotion, and her expressive looks had taught him to believe that he was not indifferent to her. He lamented both the cause

and its effect, that had, by preventing their continuing in London, deprived him of being presented at the Duchefs of G——'s, where he could obtain the only chance of the Colonel's hearing of, or seeing Mr. Martindale. But these reflections he was obliged to conceal; they remained with his secret buried in his heart, and he was under too many obligations to the Colonel not to endeavour (at least) to suppress them.

When they landed at Calais, and had reached Monsieur Dessin's hotel there,



there, Colonel Stuart found himself fatigued and agitated by his journey. He requested Glencairn to go immediately to the convent, with a note from him to the superior, desiring her to send Miss Stuart, with the bearer, his friend. Glencairn had formerly seen her; but it was during those days of infancy on either side, that had left but few traces behind them. He delivered his letter at the gate of the convent, and was conducted to the parlour; on one side of which, was a large grate; and on the other side, a curtain that

was drawn. In a few minutes it was removed, and presented to his view a form that nature had taken pride in adorning.

Miss Stuart (for it was herself) was the most finished picture of human perfection. She raised her blue eyes as he addressed her, and politely requesting him to wait a few minutes, disappeared to put herself in readiness to accompany him.

She soon rejoined him in the parlour, and they proceeded on foot to  
the

the hotel. She accepted his arm, and he perceived with extreme sorrow that she had scarcely sufficient strength to proceed. Yet she did not once complain, but passed the short time in making a thousand tender enquiries about her father.

The meeting between them was highly affecting; they were equally sensible of the changes each other's looks had experienced, yet neither dared to acknowledge that they perceived any alteration. It was but too evident that Miss Stuart was in

the early stage of a consumption, which appeared to be fast hastening this beauteous blossom to a premature decay. It was soon determined that she should immediately leave the convent ; that the next morning her expences should be paid there, and her clothes taken away ; and that they should allow themselves a few days repose at Calais, before they fixed on any plan their inclinations might for the present lead them to pursue.

Miss Stuart had contracted an intimacy

timacy in the convent with a Miss Beaumont, a young lady of French extraction, and somewhat older than herself. The very slender fortune she was to inherit, had induced her parents to persuade her to take the veil, to which she was perfectly reconciled. Having lived in the convent since she was six years old, she had not a wish to see the world, but had partly resolved to enter on her noviciate the following year.

Miss Stuart called there the next morning, and took leave of her friend.

They agreed to correspond during the remainder of their lives, and that no interesting circumstance should occur to the one, with which the other should not become acquainted.

Our travellers had been near a week at Calais, and Colonel Stuart thought it time to fix their departure. But whither were they to go? He wished, for his own gratification, to return home; but he thought it would be, at that time, a wrong measure to adopt on his daughter's account. For this he had a double motive: Winter  
was



was setting in, and he naturally conceived that the keen blasts of the North would have too powerful an influence over her delicate and affected frame. He feared also, from the exquisite sensibility he perceived her to possess, that she might receive a fatal blow to her peace, when, on her return to her first home, every object which appeared there would remind her of its lost ornament, her mother!—The Colonel had, since her death, found a melancholy pleasure in arranging every thing at Allank Bank for her reception. All that

had belonged to Mrs. Stuart, he had collected carefully for her daughter; but he had no idea of the faded form he was to meet; he had seen her a healthy, though delicate girl; and he naturally expected to find in her improved understanding, and formerly lively disposition, the companion best suited to sooth the anguish of his mind, whenever he reflected on the virtues of that incomparable wife of which the grave had robbed him!

In the evening, when Miss Stuart had retired to her apartment, the  
Colonel

Colonel rang for another bottle of Monsieur Deffin's best Burgundy, and imparted to Glencairn his reflections of the day. He observed, that having nothing to consult but their respective inclinations, he had entertained an idea of their travelling South; that he thought his beloved Mary's health required change of air, and he conceived it possible THAT of Italy might restore it. She would also derive many advantages from such a TOUR, that were not to be met with in Scotland. It would afford her a fine opportunity of improving

proving herself in music, of which she was passionately fond; and she would by travelling gain a sufficient knowledge of the world, to conquer that awkward bashfulness, which gave her a childish air of simplicity, and which it would be necessary for her to overcome before she presided at his house, of which, alas! she was now become sole mistress. Glencairn could not with any propriety appear to disapprove this scheme, and nothing remained but to obtain Miss Stuart's approbation (of which they could have no doubt); and that obtained,

tained, they resolved to quit Calais, and pass through Provence to Nice.

Miss Stuart was, as they expected, pleased with the proposal; and nothing was wanting to complete the satisfaction of the party, but a more cheerful acquiescence on the part of Glencairn, who vainly endeavoured to forget his predilection for Lady Jane Martindale. He experienced an inquietude hitherto unknown to him, when he reflected on the impossibility there now was of his communicating to her his sentiments, and

and the knowledge of his situation. He dared not hazard writing to her by the post; and though the sailors had told him Mrs. Drapery's name, his respect and delicacy forbade his addressing himself to her. He was forced therefore for the present to relinquish all hope of seeing, hearing of, or writing to her; and he felt the force of Rochefoucault's just observation, that

Absence, lessens small passions, and increases great ones.

For he never loved Lady Jane so **PASSIONATELY** as at this moment, while he despaired of ever seeing her more.



## CHAP. IX.

THE next day was employed in preparations for their departure ; and on the ensuing morning they began their journey in a *berline* the Colonel had purchased of Monsieur Deffin. They were attended only by a French servant who had travelled all his life, spoke a little English, and whom Deffin had recommended.

I shall pass over every natural incident

cident that occurred to them, and observe only that they reached Nice soon after the time they had calculated to do so ; when, after passing a few days at the hotel, they hired by the month an elegant villa in its environs.

The Colonel had procured letters of credit on the English banker there, and they were all alike charmed with their new situation. Their servant Louis had been there frequently, and was become their *Pro-veditore-Generale*. Miss Stuart hired a maid for herself, by name Josephine,

phine, which, with an Italian cook, completed their family.

Colonel Stuart was an independent, though not a rich man. His income had never been involved, and it produced him from five to six hundred pounds a year. He had no one to provide for but his daughter.

With his protégé Glencairn it was otherwise. He was an orphan, without a friend in the world but the Colonel, who (having been many years intimate with his deceased father,

ther, distantly related to Mrs. Stuart, and who was a younger brother of high birth, whose fortune perished with his life) had adopted this *child of love*, and promised never to desert him. He adhered to his word, and was sufficiently prepossessed in favour of his young ward, to wish that a future attachment might take place between him and his daughter, that his fortune might by their marriage equally devolve on both. With this view, he had spared no pains to cultivate the mind of the young Edward, who repaid his tender care with

with all that filial duty and sincere affection could bestow.

It was with this young couple, as with all our untravelled islanders, whose extent of European knowledge carries them no farther than the boundaries of England; every object beyond Dover becoming a matter of wonder. Thus it was with our North Britons. Miss Stuart and Glencairn were lost in astonishment at every new scene which presented itself to their view, and they seemed to fancy themselves inhabitants of  
another

another world. They were left almost entirely to themselves; for Colonel Stuart was a man of such strict honour, and had withal so much family-pride, that he believed it impossible they should derogate from either: his only apprehension was, that neither possessed sufficient confidence to explain those mutual sentiments which he thought must be inseparable from both. In this opinion he was not altogether mistaken. Their time passed away in innocent delight; and Miss Stuart's health beginning visibly to mend,



they amused themselves in visiting every curiosity with which the charming country they were now become inhabitants of, abounded.

In the vicinity of Nice, innumerable were the picturesque scenes which met their ravished eyes. How beautiful do the maritime Alps appear, as they rise from the ocean! from whence ascending by gentle degrees, they form a superb amphitheatre, bounded by Montalbano, projecting into the sea, and over-hanging the town. On the other side,  
where

where prospects less stupendous allure the eye, how charming do the richly cultivated plains appear, while they present to the view the vines, the citrons, the oranges, the bergamots, and every luxury which Earth can furnish to her inhabitants!—The gardens, which are during the winter months equally profuse of the sweetest flowers, convinced them, that in that terrestrial paradise the Lord of all had been peculiarly bounteous, and that to be happy it was necessary only to forget every disappointment that had hitherto

hitherto awaited them in this sublunary world.

But how vain is every endeavour to command the feelings of the human heart!—They rise superior to controul, and if they reign at all, they reign with tyranny. Glencairn must have been *more* than mortal, *less* than man, could he have resided under the same roof with the all fascinating Mary, without feeling the power of her improving charms. He was not blind to them, but often in secrecy lamented his wayward  
VOL. I. F destiny,

destiny, which seemed determined in spite of every opposition to separate them through life. An idea, prior to his seeing Mary, had taken full possession of him. He had beheld Lady Jane Martindale, and his heart had vowed to her everlasting love. He even cherished the certainty of her husband's not being IMMORTAL; and he conceived it possible for a time to arrive, nay, he even believed it to be not far distant, when he might return to England, and claim her as his own.

How

How visionary is every scheme of future bliss, and how precarious are the wishes of man!—He builds his *hope* on a shadow; and scarcely has he time to admire the fabric his imagination has raised, ere it vanishes, and his dream of happiness at once disappears!

## CHAP. X.

WE will now return to Ledstone, where nothing material occurred during the summer and autumn months, more than has been mentioned. Lady Jane and Mr. Martindale lived peaceably together, seldom contradicting each other, but particularly agreeing on one point, that of looking forward with pleasure to the destined time of their return to London. Lady Jane sometimes, indeed, recollected Glencairn; but  
those



those emotions she had experienced at first seeing him, had subsided into a languid indifference, and her thoughts became every day more devoted to the idea of the pleasures she should enjoy in the gay metropolis. She did not however neglect at times visiting her favourite spot; but it was now winter, and the coldness of the weather prevented her sitting there as formerly, watching the bosom of the deep.

She was one morning returning from it, and near the house, when

she perceived Mr. Martindale coming towards her with a letter in his hand. His countenance bore the visible marks of discontent. He took her arm within his ; and slightly observing that he had something unpleasant to communicate, but without mentioning of what nature, they proceeded to the library, where, without hesitation, he read to her the letter. It was from his father. It first contained a few vague enquiries after them, and then informed them, that being at length tired of a single life, he had resolved to marry  
and a second

a second time. He had partly, he said, fixed his choice. The lady (he observed) was not of a distinguished family, neither did she possess a brilliant fortune; but she had many good qualities, and he had no doubt of the approbation she would meet with from his son and daughter, to whom he hoped in a few months to introduce her as his wife. He neither mentioned her name, her age, nor her person; and of these, various were the opinions they entertained. Mr. Martindale highly respected his father, and

dreaded seeing him the dupe of what he naturally supposed to be (from the caution observed in the letter) an indiscreet engagement. Another motive too, and in some breasts it would have been a more powerful one than it was in that of Mr. Martindale, was *self-interest*. The old gentleman had, on the death of his wife, settled all his landed property on his son; but he had a great deal of ready money; five thousand pounds of which he had given him on his marriage, besides his mother's jointure of two thousand pounds a year, which

which was, in case of Lady Jane's surviving him, to be her portion for life. He had been indeed particularly liberal on that occasion, having presented Lady Jane with the late Mrs. Martindale's jewels, which were of considerable value, and he had purchased every thing for them, such as equipages, plate, &c. &c.

It was impossible they could foresee with pleasure an union which would divide, if it did not wholly alienate, the affections of Mr. Mar-

tindale from his family. After they had consulted together for some time on the subject, they agreed to set out for London with all convenient expedition. Mr. Martindale answered his father's letter, but in terms almost as equivocal as his own. He expressed some surprise at the half confidence reposed in him, and concluded by wishing him every happiness in whatever situation he might hereafter find himself; but he did not give the most distant hint of his intention of going to town, which

was



was in hopes, if it were not already too late, to frustrate the old gentleman's present intentions.

As they had no house there, they were on their arrival obliged to put up at an hotel ; and had on that account left all their servants, excepting Mrs. Drapery and the butler, at Ledstone. They had not been there many minutes, before Mr. Martindale sent for a hackney-coach, and went to his father's house in the city. But how great was his astonishment, when, on knocking at the

door, a footman in an unknown livery appeared at it, and informed him, that the house was now in possession of another family ; Mr. Martindale having been married about a month, and that he resided in Devonshire Place !

Mr. Martindale smothered as much as possible his indignation and surprise. He directed the coachman to return to the hotel, and gave himself up to his reflections on this first instance of duplicity in his father ; for it was evident to him, that he

was

was actually married at the time he wrote to him ; and that the ceremony must have been performed in a very private manner, not a single news-paper having announced it.

When he returned to Lady Jane, and informed her what had passed, he had the satisfaction to find that her feelings were perfectly congenial with his own : she persuaded him to wait till the next day for farther intelligence ; and amidst a thousand conjectures — apprehensions — and uncertainties—they passed the evening, and retired early to rest.

## CHAP. XI.

MR. James Martindale, at a reasonable hour, dispatched his own servant with a dutiful, yet cool billet of congratulation to his father, requesting to know at what hour he might be permitted to wait on him.

Though it was but just two o'clock when the valet was sent on his errand, he found the crowd of servants and carriages so great at Mr. Martindale's door, that it had more the appearance

appearance of the Exhibition at Somerset-House, than of belonging to a citizen.

It was some minutes before he could prevail on one of the footmen to carry up the note he was intrusted with. After waiting a considerable time for an answer, a verbal one was brought him by another powdered coxcomb, which was simply Mr. Martindale's compliments, and that he would call at the hotel within an hour. Lady Jane was standing at one of the windows of it  
about

about four o'clock, when a sumptuous vis-à-vis stopped at the door. Mr. Martindale was sitting by the fire-side, reading a new pamphlet, when Lady Jane's precipitate exclamation, of "Good God! this cannot be your father!" instantly drew him towards her. They thought they recognized his features, though disguised under a small wig, made to look like his own hair; which gave so great an alteration to his countenance, that it was impossible for them at the first moment to ascertain whether or no it was really him



him they saw. They were however soon convinced, as he hobbled out of his carriage supported by two servants in yellow and silver liveries: the plain blue and buff, which had been the family standard of many years, was to all appearance discarded, with the brown bob of former and more respectable days.

Mr. Martindale received the congratulations of his son and daughter with much seeming pleasure; and apologized with rather a disconcerted air for the secrecy he had observed

ed towards them ; alleging as his reason for it, the apprehensions he had entertained of their disapproving his marriage ; to which however he was very certain no reasonable objection could be stated, unless it was that of a disparity of years ; Mrs. Martindale being extremely young, and extremely handsome. He was commissioned by her, he said, to say a thousand kind things to them both ; and to assure them of her regret at finding herself engaged not only for that day, but for the succeeding one ; but she hoped they would

would not refuse her the favour of their company to supper that night at twelve, after the opera, where she was going. To this they assented, more from curiosity than inclination, and the old bridegroom took his leave.

Mr. Martindale, in going down the stair-case with his father, enquired the former name of his mother-in-law; but received a very laconic answer, that it was *Harvey*; of a family of the North of England, with

with which he could not possibly be acquainted.

He returned, and sat down in full silence; but Lady Jane laughed. She had no envy in her composition, and was prepared to admire the superior beauties of Mrs. Martindale, without a wish to outvie them, or to find them any way inferior to the old gentleman's description.

At the appointed hour they went to Devonshire Place. Mrs. Martin-

dale

D

dale was but just returned home, having lounged, she said, longer than she intended in the saloon of the opera-house.

If her visitors were struck with the beauty of her person (than which nothing could be more captivating), they were not less so with the dazzling splendour of her dress. A rich gold muffin, made into a Circassian robe, with a turban of white crape, ornamented with a profusion of diamonds, gave her the appearance of an eastern princess; but  
2 there

there was an air of levity in her manner, that instantly caught the attention of young Mr. Martindale; who had scarcely beheld her, ere his heart formed a wish that no violent intimacy might in future take place between her and his wife. The more he saw of this youthful bride (whose appearance did not bespeak her age to be more than seventeen), the less he liked her; and while he drew her into a conversation, in which he perceived that her ignorance and self-sufficiency were predominant, he pleased himself on  
the



the comparison he could not avoid making between her, and the less beautiful, but more lovely and unadorned Lady Jane; who having, since the small portion of knowledge she had obtained of her heart, lost a considerable share of that pride which had ever been her greatest foible, was become infinitely more interesting to society, and more amiable in the eyes of her husband. In HER was blended all that increasing sensibility could bestow on an intelligent mind. Polite without flattery, she

she every day gained on the esteem of those who knew her. Mrs. Martindale, by endeavouring to appear the woman of fashion, for which she was never intended, was at times even vulgar; and her obscure origin was not counterbalanced by the graces of her mind. Nature had been, it is true, profusely lavish on her person; but her disposition was avaricious and mean. She disliked Lady Jane's superior birth, but she had cunning to dissemble; and endeavoured to flatter her into a belief, that

that she had never seen any woman with whom she so much longed to cultivate a friendship, as herself.

We will now take leave of this family party for the night; they parted, not without a voluntary offer from Mrs. Martindale to break off all acquaintance with those of her society whom Lady Jane might not approve. I will next inform my readers who was Mrs. Martindale; which, together with the little sketch I have drawn of her disposition, will in some measure enable them to ac-

count for the tenor of her future conduct ; at least, if they think as I do, that a low mind never attains any degree of excellence, however the person may be exalted. The heart when *good* is incorruptible, however the mind may be over-ruled by the force of custom and of example ; but when both these are bad, the stain is indelible, and can never be expunged.

## CHAP. XII.

MRS. Martindale was one of the many children of a respectable tradesman in Newcastle, and on a visit to her elder sister, married to a corn-factor in the city, when Mr. Martindale first saw her. He soon became enamoured; for his heart was not sufficiently frozen by age, to be able to withstand the renovating influence of youth and beauty. The idea, however, of marrying her, or any other woman, did not once

occur to him. The sister, who was artful and designing, perceived his inclinations, and determined to turn his weakness to the advantage of her family. She invited, or rather forced him into all their parties; and finding, after a few weeks, that he did not make any overtures towards her sister's establishment, she told him with much apparent concern, that she found her sister's character had suffered materially from his constant attendance on her; that she had lost by it a very eligible marriage; the gentleman (who was a young officer) having



having withdrawn his addressee in consequence of it, and that it was become necessary for him to disclose his intentions, of whatever nature they might be.

This was a trial for which the old gentleman was not prepared. He hesitated, as undetermined what to answer; till on being told that there was no alternative between his marrying Miss Harvey, or seeing her no more, he was weak enough to wipe the tears from his eyes, and in half-broken sentences, extorted by FEAR,

as well as LOVE, he promised to offer her his hand. In less than half an hour he had consented to fall into the snare that was laid for him. The family desired the engagement might be kept secret, in order to avoid, they said, the ill-natured sarcasms and reflections the world would cast upon his age: but the truth was, they dreaded the advice of all his REAL FRIENDS, and hurried him into a promise of hasty marriage, without allowing him time to consider what he had to expect from its future consequences.

Having

Having been thus prevailed on without difficulty, he thought of nothing but his intended bride. He was profuse in his presents to her; and on her mentioning that she thought the city air inimical to her health, he dispatched an agent, of her sister's recommending, in pursuit of a house at the west end of the town. This trusty and well-chosen ambassador made choice of the one in Devonshire Place; and so exactly did he answer the confidence reposed in him, that he actually made, in Mr. Martindale's name, an agree-

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ment

ment for the purchase of it ; so that no farther trouble was imposed on the old gentleman, than to sign the bonds which were two days afterwards put into his hands. It is true that he ONCE accompanied the ladies to look at it ; but was there a fault that he could possibly find with a house fit for the reception of any nobleman's family ? Could any house be too good for Miss Harvey ? Could any expenditure that lay within the compass of Mr. Martindale's drafts, be extravagant ?

The

The furniture of his house in the city was to be the next consideration. There was not enough of it, neither was it sufficiently modern to be transplanted into Devonshire Place. The most fashionable upholsterer in town was therefore immediately applied to, and directed to change it as his fancy directed. He was to be allowed one thousand pounds, over and above the value of what he took from the city; and of which he, as the most fashionable, and consequently the most conscientious tradesman, was to be sole appraiser. That furniture was

not, as I observed, suited to the present taste, but it was costly in the extreme; and was equally good, though not equally ornamental, in the inferior as in the best apartments. The late Mrs. Martindale's dressing-room was fitted up in the most expensive manner; innumerable were the rich ornaments it contained; the beautiful inlaid and Indian cabinets, the tall mandarins, and fine China jars, were not the most remarkable. The boxes belonging to her toilette were, like those of the rich, but narrow-minded Lady S——, of silver inlaid with rubies;



rubies; the bird-cages were of silver wire, and every article displayed *grandeur*, if not (according to modern ideas) *elegance*. Some of these Miss Harvey wished to preserve; till a gentle hint from her sister reminded her, that as they had been the property of the late Mrs. Martindale, who had doubtless set a value on them beyond their intrinsic worth, it was probable that, if they were in *her* possession, her son might wish to obtain them for Lady Jane to keep in remembrance of her. Nothing therefore was to be given

into his hands, but a large portrait of his mother, with which he was to be favoured on his return to town; Miss Harvey MODESTLY observing, that, conscious of her own unworthiness, she should fear a rival in that picture whenever Mr. Martindale looked at it, as he would naturally draw a comparison between his two wives, which could not fail to be an unfortunate one to herself.

The house was soon ready; the jewels, wedding clothes, and equipages, soon bought; and nothing remained

remained but to fix the happy day, which soon arrived. But the one previous to it was marked by a little event, which it may not be unnecessary to mention in the next chapter.

## CHAP. XIII.

ON the morning preceding the day that was to make Mr. Martindale the happiest or most miserable of men, he perceived that an unusual gloom overspread the fine countenance of his destined bride. He pressed her hand to his lips, and entreated to be informed of the cause. She burst into tears, and suddenly withdrew, leaving him and her sister together.

From

From HER, he anxiously prayed to know the meaning of so sudden, so alarming a change; tenderly enquiring if he had left any thing undone by which it was possible for him to prove still farther the extent of his affection. The emotion too visible on every feature of his face, and the eagerness with which he conjured her to explain in what he had offended, forced at length, from this TENDER relation, the avowal of a conversation her sister had held with her; which amounted to nothing more than a childish idea that had entered

entered her head; a kind of fear, that if she was wretched enough to survive Mr. Martindale, his son, unmindful of his father's tenderness, might divest her of all *his* goodness had lavished on her. He might possibly in the end turn her out of her house, and take possession of it, as his heir. It was not (she was very sure) from any mercenary motive that her sister had encouraged this thought; it was that of a young girl fond of magnificence as a child of a new toy, and like that, fearful of losing it. This was a sufficient hint for the

too



too generous and too credulous Mr. Martindale ; he sent immediately for his attorney ; and gave him instructions to draw up a marriage settlement, by which he gave her the house in Devonshire Place, with all its appendages ; together with all the ready money he should die possessed of, stocks, dividends, &c. &c. &c. allotting only one thousand pounds of it as a legacy to Mr. Martindale, or Lady Jane if she survived him ; his landed property having been, as I before said, already settled on his son.

In

In a few hours all was signed, sealed, and delivered; and he expressed his gratitude at being told how to remove the imaginary grief that had for a moment been suffered to prey on HER, to whose happiness he was determined to devote the remainder of his existence.

The next morning the sun shone resplendent on the nuptials of Mr. Martindale. They were solemnized as agreed on in a private manner; and in the evening he conducted his bride to HER OWN house in Devonshire Place.

They

They had been there about a month, when Lady Jane and Mr. Martindale arrived in town. Mrs. Martindale had already formed the acquaintance of almost every fashionable family there. For, as I have read in scripture, *Wherever the honey is, there will the flies be also*, so is an open house, a sumptuous equipage, and all the other appendages of wealth, the sure passport to an intimacy with the whole world. Innate virtue is no recommendation; nor is any other requisite necessary to support the appearance of it, than  
the

the acquiescence of a husband to the conduct of his wife. However his delicacy may be wounded—however his feelings may be hurt by her failings—let him but continue to live with her in a routine of extravagant dissipation, and the feeble voice of slander will be drowned in the loud plaudits of the world. But, if HE forsakes her, though she be “as chaste as ice, as pure as snow,” she shall not escape the torrent of calumny, which will inevitably overwhelm her reputation. A woman’s fame depends less on her own character, than it does on that.

that of her husband. If he discards her, the world will also, without enquiring why he has done so.—She will look for friends, but she will never find them. The gay companions of youthful pleasures will shrink from distress, as from a pestilence; and she will woefully experience, that the fine day, *Flattery*, will not stay to assist the weary in a cloudy night. Alas! HER day will soon set in darkness—her breaking heart will be overwhelmed by the storms of adversity, until in some obscure corner of the earth she dies unknown—unpitied—and unlamented!

## CHAP. XIV.

MRS. Martindale soon gained a complete ascendancy over her doting husband, which was strengthened by her apparent attachment to Lady Jane, who continued to be so great a favourite with him, that her sanction seemed necessary to every thing she undertook. She had art enough to twist herself round the heart of that lady, who reposed in her an unlimited confidence, and they became inseparable. They met with universal



versal admiration; but their manners were so different, that the admirer of the one was seldom that of the other. Mrs. Martindale's beauty and levity attracted the notice of all the gay men, while Lady Jane's increasing sensibility gave her an air of *froidueur*, that forbade them every hope of encouragement.

Mr. Martindale, senior, though extravagant in the gratification of his wife's pleasures, was not wholly unmindful of his son's interests. He purchased a small house for him

in

in Argyle Street, to which he was prompted by his wife.

Lady Jane believed her to be only the artless, giddy girl she appeared. Little did she suspect the snake she was fostering in her bosom, which waited only with envenomed rancour to sting her beyond the reach of human remedies.

Among the crowd of fluctuating admirers that paid their devotions at the shrine of beauty, Lord Darnley was the most conspicuous for his  
atten-

attentions to Mrs. Martindale. He was lately married to a very young lady, whose large fortune had been in part appropriated to the payment of his lordship's early debts. He was fond of his wife, yet not sufficiently so to lay any embargo on his inclinations whenever they led him to indulge a momentary caprice.

He considered Mrs. Martindale an easy conquest, which, when once obtained, would be soon forgotten. With this view he laid close siege to her at every public place she fre-

quented; nor did she give his lordship any reason to doubt the success of his enterprise. Vanity was her ruling passion, and to that she was ever ready to sacrifice every moral consideration. Lady Jane either did not, or would not perceive this growing intimacy; she conceived Mrs. Martindale's levity to be her best security against any attachment of the heart, and she felt no alarms on her account.

Lord Darnley was rather an elegant than a handsome man. Perfectly

fectly versed in every lesson of LOVE, he had seldom met with a denial where he had once taken the pains to ingratiate himself. He was at this time busily employed in raising a regiment of light dragoons for the service of his country ; and a desire of rendering himself conspicuous according with his notions of patriotism, he spared no expence to complete it. Seldom a day passed in which his emissaries did not inveigle new victims to satiate the rapacious thirst of ruthless war! His lordship, equally a candidate for the field of

Mars and of Venus, divided his time between both. His morning hours were devoted to the misery and ruin of many poor and worthy families; his evening ones to the more pleasing amusement of endeavouring to seduce the affections of any woman, to whom he might wish for the moment to render himself agreeable. Not that I mean to infer, that Lord Darnley was a bad man, he was only a fashionable one. Nursed in the lap of luxury by a most indulgent mother, his earliest wishes had not been left ungratified. He had been



returned from the continent about two years, where his extravagance was so unbounded, that it became necessary to recall him; and he had been married, one year, to the amiable lady before mentioned.

Mrs. Martindale was elated by Lord Darnley's attention to her. Her eyes sought him every where, and he perceived it; nor was it long before an opportunity offered, that, in making him master of her person, banished the slender impression she had made on his mind. He met

H 3

with

with little or no resistance when he hinted at a private assignation ; which being fixed, and effected at the house of her convenient millener, passed without suspicion among her attendants.

Lord Darnley was no sooner a happy lover, than he was a satiated one. He had never seen any woman but Lady Darnley for whom he had conceived a sentiment beyond that of momentary passion; and had she not been his wife, it is most probable that in her alone, all his inclinations  
would

would have centered ; but how strange it is, that every thing loses a portion of its value from the moment we have an indisputable claim on it ! The virtuous Lady Darnley, who had not a particle of coquetry in her disposition, had married the man of her choice, nor had she a wish equal to that of pleasing him. We might be led to suppose from the remark I have just made (and from that only), that had he been more steady in his conduct towards her, she might have been more indifferent. She knew that he had errors, but she

did not know the extent of them; and she fondly hoped, that her unremitting attention to his happiness, and constant propriety of conduct, would at length overcome them. She knew Lady Jane, and Mrs. Martindale, by report only; her approaching confinement, which she expected every hour, keeping her constantly at home, without other society than her mother, who was come for the first time in her life to London, for the purpose of attending her at that trying moment.

When

When the newspapers announced Lady Darnley's delivery, Mrs. Martindale pleased herself with the idea of monopolizing his lordship's constant attendance; and having mentioned to her husband the polite attentions that Lady Jane and herself had received from him, signified her intention of sending him a card for the next evening she should receive company, and of introducing his lordship to his acquaintance. To this no objection could be made, and Mrs. Martindale took an early opportunity of dispatching invitations to several

of her acquaintance, among whom Lord Darnley was not forgotten.

Lady Jane, who had no suspicion of what had passed, and who really liked Lord Darnley, though she had not particularly appeared to do so, was glad of this opportunity of bringing Mr. James Martindale acquainted with him also ; and of becoming by these means known to Lady Darnley, when her confinement should be over.

Mrs. Martindale's assembly was  
bril-



brilliant in the extreme ; for she had been very particular on that occasion, and had herself selected from her visiting-book, such names as stood foremost in the gaudy catalogue of rank.

At the appointed hour, she saw her rooms fill to her heart's satisfaction, but in vain she looked for Lord Darnley!—She grew inattentive to her visitors, walked successively thro' the rooms, and looked continually at her watch, which she fancied lost *time*. She could not account for his

absence. It was on HIS account she had that evening assembled all that was most fashionable in town, and had studied to raise her consequence by the selection of her company; yet he was the only person who did not appear. At eleven, the party began to disperse; the duchess of G—— and her lovely daughters were just taking their leave, when Lord Darnley was announced.

The sudden appearance of the sun breaking through the thick clouds of a misty morning, could not convey  
a more

a more genial warmth to the dew-damp traveller, than did the sight of Lord Darnley to Mrs. Martindale; her eyes brightened as she led him towards Mr. Martindale, who received him with the utmost politeness. But the electrical shock of mortification instantly succeeded, when, in a voice scarcely articulate, he enquired for Lady Jane. There was an air of sorrow and confusion in his countenance, that it was not possible for her to misconstrue. Mrs. Martindale had more pride than love; and with a haughty sneer turning

ing

ing hastily from him, she informed his lordship, that she had last seen Lady Jane at cards in the adjoining room. He immediately went there. The party had just broke up, and she was standing near the door (waiting for Mr. Martindale, who was gone to enquire for the carriage), when Lord Darnley approached her. He took her hand, with a freedom she had never observed in him, and in a faltering voice whispered — OH LADY JANE, IN YOU I HOPE TO FIND A FRIEND! — Struck at his appearance, which indicated a sensibility

bility of which she had not hitherto supposed him capable, she eagerly asked, what could have thus affected him? The tears rushed into his eyes, and he could only say "Lady Darnley" — as Mr. Martindale informed her their carriage was up. She returned hastily to wish Mrs. Martindale good-night; introduced Mr. James Martindale to Lord Darnley, who handed her into it, and they parted for the night.

## CHAP. XV.

LORD Darnley did not return up stairs, but desiring that his servants might be called, threw himself into the carriage, and ordered it home. His heart was affected, and for once he sacrificed the rules of politeness to its feelings. When he arrived there, he flew to Lady Darnley's apartment, without having spoken to any one; but alas! little did he expect the scene that awaited him! He knocked gently at the door, fearful



ful of disturbing her repose: but receiving no answer, he opened it. The curtains were all undrawn. On one side of the bed, he saw her mother grasping her hands; on the other, the nurse was chafing her temple with hartshorn;—but she, alas, was gone for ever!—A moment convinced him of the fatal truth; the next that succeeded it, deprived him of his senses.

It was on the ninth day after Lady Darnley's delivery of her first child. Some unfavourable symptoms had  
appeared

appeared in the morning, but they were not sufficiently so to alarm the physicians, or nurse, of any immediate danger. Yet a fatal presentiment had taken possession of Lord Darnley from the first hour since her lying-in ; and this was strengthened by some oblique, yet gentle hints that had been given him by the angel of purity herself ; who had unfortunately stopped her carriage one morning by accident at the door of Mrs. Martindale's milliner, where she bought some things, and gave a card, with orders that others should

be

be sent to her. The officious Frenchwoman told her, that she was sure she must be beholden to Lord Darnley, or Mrs. Martindale, for the honour of her ladyship's custom, as she was that lady's milliner, and had frequently seen his lordship at her house.

I do not believe that this French milliner (or indeed any other milliner) could plead ignorance in such a situation. She could not suppose that Lord Darnley (whose name had been mentioned to her by Mrs. Martin-

Martindale) had met that lady there secretly, and in a private room, for any good purpose. No. But the discovery of the intrigue to Lady Darnley might prove in the end beneficial to her, and she was not of a nature to reflect on the delicate feelings of *a woman of honour*. These, were therefore to be sacrificed to her own mercenary and barbarous disposition; and she planted a thorn in the breast of that spotless lady; it festered there, and was her companion to the grave.

Lady

Lady Darnley had a few days after the birth of her child, which was a daughter, most earnestly implored her lord to promise her that he would never neglect this only pledge of their love. She conjured him to cherish her for her mother's sake; as she had imbibed, she said, a strange idea, that her FIRST child would be also her LAST. She gently added (squeezing his hand, and convulsed almost with agony as she spoke), that she hoped he would in future point out to her a better example than the Mrs. Martindale  
whom

whom she had never seen, but of whom she had heard MORE than she thought proper to reveal to him, till after her recovery. Lord Darnley with truth declared, that he had never been in Mrs. Martindale's house; that he had only formed a slight acquaintance with her at different public places; but he did not mention the French milliner, nor any other circumstance that could tend to corroborate their intimacy.

On the day that he received Mrs. Martindale's card, he was half inclined



clined to shew it Lady Darnley ; but her weak health and spirits prevented him. Yet he had no just ground to suspect her approaching dissolution. Her physicians had not, as I said, even hinted at danger ; and if his mind was painfully awake to the apprehension of it, he could impute it only to those fears which a timid superstition, and not reality, had induced him to give way to. He told her that he was engaged to an assembly that evening, but he did not say where ; and his acquaintance was so numerous, that without the help of  
the

the milliner, or some of her confederates, Lady Darnley could not have suspected it to be at Mrs. Martindale's: she however DID suspect it, and received private intelligence of that lady's house being open the same evening, and that Lord Darnley's carriage made one of the number at her door.

When the messenger who was sent to enquire into the truth of this unwelcome news returned from executing his commission, Lady Darnley insisted on seeing him; nor could  
the

the tender entreaties of her mother prevent her from diving into the truth. Her disorder (inseparable from her situation) had that day taken a turn, and marked her death as certain; she received the information of it with all the fortitude that a mind already wafted to heaven could experience. She desired Lord Darnley might be immediately sent for; and her footman, eager to obey the orders of his much-loved lady, hastened on the wings of anxiety to meet his lord. But when he reached Devonshire Place, he heard only that

he had been there for a very short time, and was returned. Lord Darnley was at home a few minutes before his servant; but it was already too late for him to catch the expiring breath of his lovely, his virtuous, his already fainted wife!

His grief became unbounded; he kissed her pale lips, and invoked the God of Heaven to witness the integrity of his heart!—He had been guilty of errors, he felt he had, of fatal ones; but little did he imagine what would be their dreadful consequences;

quences ; for, in the first paroxysms of phrensy, he condemned himself as being sole author of her death. He ordered his little girl to be brought into the room, and kissed her with an enthusiastic and fervent affection. He joined her little face to that of her senseless mother ; and pointed out each resembling feature. It was a solemn, an awful scene ; and he was at length forced out of the room ; his expressions of grief becoming so violent, as to threaten with injury his own health.

Lord Darnley would not be told, nor suffer himself to reflect, that an over delicate constitution had soon surrendered itself to a malady, which was so powerful as to baffle every effort of art. To this was to be imputed Lady Darnley's early death. His feeling heart taught him first to consider his own misconduct; and he alternately upbraided his child, and himself, as the authors of their irreparable loss.



## CHAP. XVI.

MRS. Martindale seldom or ever took up a newspaper; and a cold (of which she made the most) had confined her for some days at home; during which she did not see Lady Jane, who was gone to pass a week at Oxford, on a visit to one of Mr. Martindale's brother collegians.

On the evening of their return, they went to Devonshire Place, and staid supper. Mrs. Martindale ap-

pointed two o'clock the next day to call on Lady Jane, as they were to go together to bespeak dresses for the ensuing masquerade.

When Mrs. Martindale arrived in Argyle Street, according to appointment, she found Lady Jane in tears; who told her that Mr. Martindale was just gone out to enquire into the truth of a paragraph they had observed in *The World*, which mentioned Lady Darnley's death. They did not however wait his return, but stepped into the carriage as soon as  
it

it arrived, ordering the coachman to drive slowly towards Cavendish Square; and to stop, if he saw his master. At the entrance of it, they were met by a hearse, adorned with white plumes and escutcheons, and followed by many coaches and weeping attendants. The footman's enquiries were answered by the name of *Lady Darnley*.

Lady Jane let down the fore-glass, and ordered the coachman to return; but Mrs. Martindale desired that he might first proceed to Donnelly's in

Tavistock Street; having no idea, she said, of being disappointed of her masquerade dress, because Lady Darnley (a woman whom she had never seen) was dead. Lady Jane endeavoured as much as possible to conceal her grief; fearing to express even a sentiment of pity, lest it should be construed into one of love, for a man for whom she had hitherto felt nothing more than a sisterly affection; but whose present misfortune was in itself sufficient to interest a heart possessed of less exquisite feelings than her own.

Mrs.

Mrs. Martindale ordered a Turkish habit. Lady Jane did not order any thing. She should be contented, she said, to appear as an humble attendant on the fair Grecian, not having at that time spirits to encounter the wit of the different characters she should meet with there.

They returned to Argyle Street, and parted at the door. Mr. Martindale was at home, expecting Lady Jane. He perceived her melancholy, and enquired its cause. She candidly told him, that Lady Darnley's sud-

den death, and the funeral which she had met, had uncommonly affected her. She was engaged, she said, to a party going that evening to the Duchefs of G——'s, but she found herself unequal to it, and was going to fend a card of apology. This she did, and they passed the remainder of the day in a domestic, but not a very cheerful tête-à-tête.

The next morning, while Mr. Martindale was out, a fervant of Lord Darnley brought a note from him to Lady Jane, requesting that  
he



he might be permitted to wait on her for a few minutes, if she was alone and disengaged. His situation precluded the possibility of a denial, had she not even wished to see him. There is an undescribable pleasure attendant only on minds susceptible of fine feelings, in listening to a tale of woe, and sympathizing with the pathetic narrator. Lord Darnley, the happy and the acknowledged admirer of Mrs. Martindale, had not excited in Lady Jane any alarming sensation ; but Lord Darnley miserable, and selecting HER as a friend

in his misfortunes, might become a dangerous companion.

In less than half an hour, Lord Darnley was in Argyle Street. Lady Jane gave orders that no person should be admitted, and was almost equally affected with himself. He took this opportunity to unbosom himself to her. He said, that whatever might be the sentiments of his heart towards her, he considered that in his present situation, and her own, an avowal of them would be a violation of decency both to themselves  
and

and to the memory of the dear departed, who was then only on the road to her quiet home!—But the intercourse of friendship was not to be prohibited, and he felt THAT of Lady Jane was necessary for the preservation of his existence; which he valued only for the sake of the hapless infant that had survived its mother. He then lamented in the most affecting manner the fatal error of a moment, that had tempted him to bestow a thought on the DISSIPATED, the UNPRINCIPLED *Mrs. Martindale*!—(Here Lady Jane gazed on him

him with astonishment.)—He hoped, he said, that her generous heart would instruct her to pardon a connection into which he had been inadvertently drawn, at the same time that (he could not help owning it) she alone was the object of his respect and admiration; and that it would teach her to feel for a man who had now a claim on her pity, but who had hitherto deserved her utmost contempt. He then told her of the conversation he had held with Lady Darnley, soon after her lying-in, and among the number of his confessions,

the

the French milliner was not forgotten.

Lady Jane was too much confused by what she had heard, to know in what manner to reply to him. She had too high an opinion of his *honour* to doubt his *word*; yet she could not have supposed that Mrs. Martindale would have carried her imprudence beyond what she had conceived to be an unmeaning levity. Yet how necessary did it appear to her at this moment for an entire explanation to take place, when Lord Darnley implored

plored her pardon for having dared to surmise that she had been the confidante of that vile woman; who had not scrupled to declare to him, that Lady Jane had admitted more than one favoured lover; but that her regard and pity for both Mr. Martindales had prevented her hitherto divulging what in the course of time could not fail to be publicly known.

Lady Jane could not without the most poignant emotion hear that her fair fame had been traduced; and by  
the



the woman too who should have been the first to defend it. How cruel, how desperate was her condition ! for, while Lord Darnley was speaking, she recollected having observed that several of her female acquaintance had latterly behaved towards her with uncommon reserve, although no one had been friendly enough to intimate in what she had offended. But she had not suffered it at the time to make any great impression on her ; as she was perfectly conscious of her innocence, and attributed it only to some trivial cause,

cause, with which she might possibly hereafter become acquainted.

But now she felt mortified indeed ! She found that Lord Darnley had been the FIRST person prejudiced against her, and she could have wished it to be the reverse. In HIS eyes, she wanted to appear perfect. She knew not how to exculpate herself from calumnies so atrocious, nor how to convince Lord Darnley of the falsehood of her accuser. She entreated his lordship to make allowances for the agitation into which

his

his discourse had thrown her, as an apology for the little she could at that moment urge in her justification ; she requested his advice how to act, and inwardly resolved, let what would be the consequence, to abide by it. She begged he would direct her how to proceed in a matter of such importance to the peace of the whole family ; observing, that she was too inexperienced to judge for herself ; and that in consequence of the avowal he had made, she conceived him to be the only person  
who

who was able (or who indeed might be willing) to advise her.

He told her, that he saw no alternative between a separation taking place among them all, or her eternal silence on the subject. He begged for God's sake that she would not expose herself to farther insults and mortifications ; but that she would suffer herself to be wholly advised by him, and continue to live as before : at the same time he exacted a promise from her, that she would  
imme-

immediately acquaint him by letter, should any new manœuvres of Mrs. Martindale's intervene, to render the discovery of her treachery unavoidable.

Lady Jane promised faithfully to adhere to all he had said; he then entreated her to honour his little girl sometimes with her attention. He was going he said to let his house in Cavendish Square, and to send her with her nurse to that of a gardener at Liffon-Green, near Paddington, in whose wife he could confide. She was

was to remain there some time, as he was going out of town the next day, to pass a few months at the head quarters of his regiment. He then arose to take his leave of Lady Jane; gave her the child's direction; and respectfully, but precipitately, withdrew.

Lady Jane was no sooner alone, than she gave vent to her oppressed heart. But Lord Darnley had enjoined on her the hardest task possible to a generous mind, that of dissimulation, and she saw herself for the first



first time obliged to practise it. She was compelled therefore to command her feelings, and to endeavour to compose her appearance. Her heart was to become the sole repository of those cares, which, alas! she had not a friend to divide.

When Mr. Martindale returned home, he ironically asked Lady Jane, whom she had seen?—She mentioned Lord Darnley's visit, but in her confusion omitted telling him of his request that she would sometimes see his child. He observed that her

2 eyes

eyes were red with weeping ; but how, he said, could it be otherwise, while she made Lord Darnley's griefs her own ? She began to excuse herself ; he scarcely deigned to answer her, and withdrew to his apartment.

Several weeks passed without any change taking place. Lady Jane often pondered on the extraordinary confession that had been made her ; but she strictly fulfilled her promise, and buried her secret within her aching breast. She even endeavoured as far as it was possible to banish the

the

the remembrance of it. She never even hinted to Mrs. Martindale, that she suspected her misconduct; and judging from the purity of her own heart, she wished, rather than she hoped, that it might be the last failing of which she should be ever able to accuse her. She was even so generous in her sentiments, as in THAT ERROR of Mrs. Martindale's to find an excuse for her cruelty towards herself. She knew that it was impossible for so young and so beautiful a woman to be fond of a husband who was old enough to be her

grandfather ; and she was convinced that it proceeded solely from a jealousy that had arisen in consequence of the love she bore Lord Darnley. The more she reflected on his advantages, the less she wondered at the choice Mrs. Martindale had made.

## CHAP. XVII.

MR. Martindale became overbearing, and was at times even insolent to Lady Jane. She was no longer in his opinion the amiable *Contrast* to Mrs. Martindale; he conceived her virtues to diminish, and her beauties to decay. Yet he was the only one who suspected either, or who had at least dared to say so. I should indeed except Mrs. Martindale; who not only viewed her with the eye of hatred, but who also be-

came indefatigable in her endeavours to poison the mind both of the old gentleman and his son against her.

Yet she took her measures so artfully, that Lady Jane had no reason to suppose she ever held any private conversation with them about her.

They were one evening at the Duchess of G——'s, and Lady Jane was particularly struck with the appearance of a young lady, who never ceased to look at her. She enquired her name, and found that it was *Miss Stuart*. She requested another lady



lady to introduce them to each other, and particularly asked after the Colonel. She would have added another name to his, but her resolution forsook her. A farther acquaintance was mutually proposed, and accepted, and Mr. Martindale waited on Colonel Stuart, at his lodgings in Cumberland Street, the next day. But he did not condescend to inform Lady Jane at his return of what had passed there, neither did he once mention the name of *Glencairn*.

In a few days Lady Jane paid a morning visit to Miss Stuart, having left a card there the preceding evening. She was admitted, and found that lovely girl sitting at a frame for embroidery. Glencairn was reading to her, and the Colonel was examining different charts which lay on the table. Lady Jane coloured. Glencairn was visibly agitated, and instantly turning to the Colonel, solicited him to walk out; to which the other assenting, they soon disappeared.

Miss

Miss Stuart, with the freedom of youth and innocence, gave Lady Jane a long account of her travels, which were, she said, pathetically ended by her witnessing the solemn scene of her friend Miss Beaumont's renunciation of this life, to pursue, according to her own ideas, the surest road to happiness in the next.

They were talking over this, and other matters, when the postman's knock announced letters; and a servant delivered one to Miss Stuart, which Lady Jane entreated her to

read without ceremony. She said it was from Miss Beaumont (whose name was changed to mother Saint Etienne), congratulating herself and family on their safe return to England, and lamenting the probability that existed of her seeing them no more. She read it throughout; and then gave it to Lady Jane, requesting her to peruse that charming specimen of female friendship and letter-writing. In it, the following passage fixed all her attention:

“The only point, my dear Miss

“Stuart,

“ Stuart, on which we could ever  
“ disagree during our long residence  
“ together in this peaceful convent,  
“ was that of my seclusion from the  
“ world. When I declared to you  
“ that my resolution was fixed on  
“ taking the veil, how many danger-  
“ ous objections did you not hold  
“ out to me, in hopes to alter the  
“ settled purpose of my heart! You  
“ invited me to live with you, and  
“ most tenderly assured me, that no  
“ future change in your situation  
“ should be able to effect one in your  
“ sentiments towards me. Nor was

“ this the only allurement you placed  
“ before me. Alas! you employed  
“ a more dangerous one still, by  
“ endeavouring to unite the duties  
“ of religion and worldly affection.  
“ You went so far as to assure me,  
“ that my sacrifice would not be ac-  
“ ceptable to God himself; who, you  
“ say, sent us into this world for the  
“ benefit of society; so that we have  
“ no more right to abstract ourselves  
“ from it, than we have to lay  
“ down our life when we are weary  
“ of it. The world, you told me,  
“ abounds with pure and social de-  
“ lights;



“lights; but they can be only en-  
“joyed by those who hold an inter-  
“course with it. Yet have you not  
“sometimes, my dear friend, inad-  
“vertently owned to me that you  
“are not happy? — And if you,  
“formed by nature for all its bleff-  
“ings, are not so, how can you ima-  
“gine that I, a stranger even in idea,  
“should be willing to renounce for  
“it a way of life that I have been  
“taught to believe is preferable to  
“every other? You have most can-  
“didly acknowledged to me, that  
“your heart has made its choice,  
“and

“ and unfortunately fixed itself where  
“ it has no hope of return. That  
“ the only man to whom you could  
“ wish to unite yourself is, as you  
“ have every reason to believe, at-  
“ tached elsewhere; and that you suf-  
“ fect, from the hints he has given,  
“ that the object of his love is—  
“ *married!*

“ Would not this idea, my dear  
“ Miss Stuart, rather frighten a  
“ young novice FROM the world,  
“ than encourage her to enter it?—  
“ I have read of love, though I never  
“ felt

“ felt its influence ; and I am thank-  
“ ful that I have neither the inclina-  
“ tion nor the power to add one to  
“ its numberless victims.”

Lady Jane perused this part of the letter with particular emotion ; she too surely guessed that it alluded to Glencairn and herself, of which she was fully convinced when Miss Stuart asked her *What she thought of Glencairn?* This question, which might not have passed for singular, had it not been accompanied with an uneasy air of constraint that denoted

an

an over anxious curiosity, suffused Lady Jane's countenance with conscious blushes, that did not escape the penetrating eyes of Miss Stuart. Each had spoken sufficiently plain to be understood by the other, that neither was satisfied. Lady Jane's silence and visible embarrassment were as expressive as could be the most eloquent language. The letter had thrown them into a state of uneasy perplexity; it had disturbed their peace, and was from that moment the subject to both of many painful reflections.

Lady

Lady Jane frequently met Glencairn; and she could not perceive without emotion, and sorrow, the tender languor that clouded his fine countenance; considering, as she did, that his attachment to *her* was the sole cause of it. Her heart seemed divided between him and Lord Darnley. She was unconscious of giving the preference to either, and she indulged the pure sentiments of innocent affection for both. Mrs. Martindale was continually fabricating tales to her disadvantage; she represented Lord Darnley to her acquaintance

quaintance as an unprincipled libertine, who had taken an advantage of the introduction she had given him into her house, and had endeavoured by hints too plain to be misconstrued, to seduce her affections from it. She sincerely wished, she said, that Lady Jane might not be deceived in the more favourable opinion she had formed of him; for she intimated that her ladyship entertained a very high one. Mrs. Martindale did not openly inveigh against her, for that might have led to a conviction of the truth; but she wounded her  
under



under the mask of apparent regard ;  
and while she flattered and caressed  
her, she murdered her repose, and  
meditated her final destruction.

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